

The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1850.

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RACHEL.

RACHEL has already appeared six times—once in *Phedre*, once in *Bajazet*, once in *Polyeucte Martyr* and *Le Moineau de Lesbis* (given on the same evening), and three times in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*. She has created a greater *furore* than on any previous visit to this country. The theatre is nightly crowded to the ceiling; and even the recent calamities that have thrown the nation into mourning have not had sufficient influence to restrain the public from flocking to the performances of the greatest actress in the world. Perhaps in the voice of Rachel—whose low tones seem to weep for the instability of all that is beautiful in this transitory life—they may find a consolation which nothing else—not music itself can give. Be the reason what it may, however, the theatre is more densely crammed on each succeeding occasion, and the effect of Rachel's acting more and more absorbing. Whether as Phedre, the fate-struck Queen—Roxane, the imperious favourite—Pauline, the sublime proselyte—Lesbia, the abandoned mistress—or Adrienne, poisoned by her rival in the flush of youth and ecstasy, she is equally truthful and sublime. Rachel is never Rachel, but always the character she impersonates, although, not seldom, that character, but for Rachel, would be little other than a pale abstraction.

We refer our readers for particulars of the week to the article of J. de C—, where they will find a detailed notice of *Polyeucte* and *Adrienne Lecouvreur*. Meanwhile, let us reiterate the unwelcome but inevitable fact, that Rachel *will play only six times more!* Her next destination is Berlin, for which city she will start in something more than a fortnight. Happy Berlin! When she will again honour England with a visit, who can say? America stretches wide its giant-arms to welcome and embrace her. America is proud and wealthy. Can Rachel resist the tempting offers that on every side assail her? It is much to be feared that, some fine day, the New World will snatch her from the Old. Once on the other side of the vast Atlantic, the date of her return to Europe will be problematical. There remain, then, reader, but *six golden occasions*, which, missed, may never be recovered.

BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.

THE final meeting of the season took place on Monday night, in the new Beethoven Rooms, before a very crowded attendance of amateurs. The performances were for the benefit of Herr Ernst. The programme was miscellaneous, and comprised the quartets No. 6 and 13 of Beethoven, both in B flat, an *andante* and *scherzo* from Mendelssohn's posthumous works (Op 80); the earlier sonata of Beethoven in A major, for pianoforte and violin; and a series of *études de concert*, for the pianoforte, by Stephen Heller. The selection was one of the highest interest, and the execution first rate. We have no new terms in which to convey our admiration of the refined and intellectual playing of Herr

Ernst, which suits itself with equal felicity to every style of music, simple, graceful, passionate or grand. The three quartets in Monday night's programme were sufficiently contrasted to enable this great—"this unparalleled violinist," as the *Morning Herald* happily styles him, to display the universality which is one of his noblest gifts. The No. 6 of Beethoven, with the exception of the brief *adagio* that precedes the *finale*, is in a playful brilliant strain throughout; the two movements (and especially the *scherzo*) of Mendelssohn, belong to a fantastic world of his own creation; the posthumous work of Beethoven, No. 13, combines many styles in one, and, besides a prevailing tone of mystery, demands the utmost variety of expression. The requisites for the effective development of compositions so essentially opposed to each other were readily supplied by Ernst, who happily identified himself with each of them, and played throughout with wonderful effect. He was supported with extreme ability by Messrs. H. C. Cooper (second violin), Hill (tenor), and Rousselot (violoncello). Amidst the general appreciation of the audience, the stimulus of novelty, and other circumstances, created more than usual interest for the fragments of Mendelssohn, both of which were enthusiastically encored. At the conclusion of the *scherzo*—which Ernst played with a sparkling brightness that, if possible, lent it a grace independent of its own countless beauties—there was but one feeling of regret that the work had not been completed by the great composer. Perhaps, indeed, no compositions for the chamber can so ill bear mutilation as those of Mendelssohn, which being always the inspiration of one predominant feeling, are only half disclosed when only half performed. But here, alas! there was no help.

M. Stephen Heller, whose performances in public have been much rarer than could have been wished by the admirers of a talent at once so distinguished and so utterly devoid of meretricious display, gave a chaste and unaffected reading of Beethoven's sonata in A major—a work which, while offering many difficulties, both to pianist and violinist, is chiefly remarkable for playfulness of character and a flow of natural and unsought melody. This sonata was played throughout by MM. Heller and Ernst without any attempt to shine on either side at the expense of the other. It was not friendly trial of skill, as so often happens in duet playing between expert performers, but a friendly association for the sole purpose of rendering the music of Beethoven with strict integrity. That such un-showy exhibitions can interest and delight an attentive audience was fully exemplified in the flattering marks of approval which greeted the performance of MM. Ernst and Heller at the end of every movement of the sonata. The *études de concert* belong to the best of those numerous contributions to the piano which have won for M. Heller a place among the most eminent and original composers for that instrument. His performance of them was marked through-

out by delicacy, good taste, and brilliant mechanism. While each was admired and applauded, a preference was shown for the *étude* styled "pastorale," a movement of extreme freshness and piquancy.

The co-operation of Herr Ernst who, we are informed, accorded his services unconditionally for the entire series of performances, depending, [in common with M. Rousselot, the director, upon the chance of public patronage for remuneration—has been of essential consequence to the Beethoven Quartet Society, and has brought the present season prosperously to a close. We must again remind M. Rousselot, however, that he has materially, and, we think, not wisely, departed from the scheme of the founder. The Beethoven Quartet Society was, as we have more than once recorded, established in 1845, for the express purpose of annually presenting the whole of the seventeen quartets composed by Beethoven, in as complete and effective a style as practicable. The immediate object was the highly commendable one, of gradually familiarizing the musical public with these fine and varied works, some of which (especially the "posthumous") from their great difficulty and singular originality of character, had been comparatively neglected by Beethoven's most zealous worshippers. With this in view eight performances were instituted, the first five of which were to be strictly confined to the quartets of Beethoven, the remaining three admitting compositions by other masters. But M. Rousselot, as we showed in a recent number, has only given seven performances this season, the last of which was an extra one, for the benefit of Herr Ernst, and therefore not to be counted in the series. Of these the first three alone were confined to the works of Beethoven, the schemes of the remainder being miscellaneous, in consequence of which we have had but twelve out of the seventeen quartets. Nos. 2, 4, 6, 14, 17, have been passed over altogether. Another innovation, foreign to the original design, has also been in a great measure instrumental in subverting it. We allude to the introduction of pianoforte compositions at every meeting. It is true, that the works performed by M. Stephen Heller, Messrs. Sterndale Bennett, and Lindsay Sloper, Madlle. Coulon, and M. Alexandre Bille, have been selected from the trios, duets, and sonatas of Beethoven; but trios, duets, and sonatas have nothing in common with the end for which the society was projected—that of annually producing the whole of the seventeen quartets. Moreover, the pianoforte works of Beethoven are far more numerous than the quartets, and a society for their exclusive performance would not be unacceptable to the many lovers of his music. We have already reverted to this topic, but it is of sufficient importance to bear repetition. While paying due homage to the talent and spirit of M. Rousselot, who has courageously stepped forward and diligently laboured to sustain an institution so favourable to the interests of art, and so influential in promulgating a refined and uncorrupted taste, we must again insist that, unless he restores the ancient scheme in all its integrity, he can offer no reasonable plea for continuing to attach to his annual performances of chamber music the significant and exclusive title of the Beethoven Quartet Society. Mr. Ella, Mr. Dando, or any other professor who gives a yearly series of quartet concerts, may just as reasonably adopt the name, which can only be defended by a strict adherence to the principles from which its origin was derived.

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MDLLE. ANICHINI'S CONCERT.

THE charming and accomplished Mdlle. Anichini summoned her numerous friends and admirers to her annual *ête musicale*, on Monday the 24th ult. Campden House, Kensington, the residence of Mrs. Wolley, was the *local* on the present occasion. Mdlle. Anichini's *êtes* invariably take place in the *château* of some distinguished member of the fashionable and aristocratic world. They are too elegant and refined for the *purlieus* of the metropolis. The Hanover Square Rooms, or the Concert-room of Her Majesty's Theatre, might serve very well for an ordinary music meeting, but a purer and a brighter atmosphere is essential to Mdlle. Anichini, whose anniversary gatherings may be likened to a congregation of animated flowers. The fair concert giver, the tall luxuriant lily of the *parterre*, dispenses her perfumed treasures all around, and each flower, and plant, and shrub bears its portion of the omnipresent grace.

A more suitable arena for Mdlle. Anichini's brilliant collection of exotics, which came "from far and wide" at the bidding of her silver tongue, could not have been selected than the castle of "fayre ladye," hight Wolley, the fame of whose "plays and jousts" is spread throughout the domain of high birth and courtly appetite. On entering the portals you are at once transported to the age of Elizabeth, when yet the pomp and pageantry of chivalrous times had not departed from the land—before the earthly fist of Oliver had smote to dust the remnants of monastic splendor. Good cheer stares you in the face, and invites you to partake of it. Our first impulse, on finding ourselves in a comfortable confectionary, wainscotted, tapestried, and fitted up with memories of days long passed, was to devour a sandwich and quaff a cup of something like sherbet, the receipt of which we might easily imagine that Sir Wolley, lord of the castle and sole owner of that bright pearl, its mistress, had wrested from some infidel Turk, made prisoner by the might of his arm. This done, the inward man refreshed, we mingled with the motley group of knyghtes and dames, of squyres and damsels, at the door of the music room, which swallowed and disgorged its party-coloured guests, like some huge whale, that dozing opened-mouthed, sees, with a listless eye, the flow and ebb of hundreds of tiny fish, carried in and out of his tremendous jaws, upon the advancing and receding of the water; so the guests, upon the varying currents of their impulse, went to and fro, as this or that minstrel sang or played, according to their liking or indifference. Scarcely arrived at the goal of our desires, a seat in the theatre—a miniature "Her Majesty's"—when a daintily decked lacquey thrust an embossed paper into our hands, whereon was pricked, in legible characters, the order of the concert and the names of the performers. A quartet, by the renowned Italian componist, Donizetti, "Erimasto" (from the play of the amorous bachelor, *Pasquale*), had scarcely been sung by Covas of Liverpool, Ciabatta and Coletti (troubadours of note), assisted by Anichini, the donor of the *ête*, her very self, than Brignoli, a young tenor of promising parts, lifted up his fresh voice and chanted the welcome air, "Quell' adorata vergine," by Mercadante of Naples, from *Leonora*, his opera. Ere we had time to express to the bye-standers and bye-sitters our satisfaction, Covas of Liverpool, and Ciabatta, surnamed "the comely," smote the ear with antagonistic tones, this tenor, that bass, to the tune of one Gabussi, who, in combinations of thirds and sixths, has celebrated the life of the "Pescatori." Then came Ida Bertrand, a Norman damsel, fat and fair, who, in an under voice, which the cunning in the art have styled *contralto*, warbled a *romanza Napoletana*, the intent of which we could

not well make out, albeit, the music was stirring and quaint. A well conditioned minstrel then stepped upon the platform, good humur in his cheeks and an instrument of twisted brass in his hands, the smaller extremity of which he pressed tightly upon his lips while he thrust one arm entirely up the other, which bore the likeness of a bulky bell. This instrument was named "*corna*," in the embossed paper furnished us by the dastly dight lackey at the door. The minstrel, 'yclept Puzzi, seemed well skilled in the touch thereof, and played a melody called "*Calma*," with a right pleasant noise. Again we had Colletti, and again Covas of Liverpool, each in a popular tune of his country; but as we had already heard both these minstrels, we hastened to the refectory, and despatched yet another sandwich and yet another cup of sherbet, returning in time to be lulled into a delicious *reverie* by the plaintive strains of a golden-haired damsel from the Irish countries, whom we found to be designated Kate, or Catherine, or Kitty Hayes. Whether Kate, or Catherine, or Kitty, a handsomer person we would not wish to see, or a sweeter voice to hear; but, to our great sorrow, she did not warble one of her native hill-tunes, but a music in some strange tongue, of which we could not make out one word, although the tones of the voice kept knocking double knocks at our heart's gate all the while she sang.

By this time we had enough of music for the nonce, and so strolled into the garden, where many black-eyed damsels and gay cavaliers were sauntering listlessly. The sun was scorching hot, and the trees had not begun to grow—so there was no shade, and those who hate sun-beams took shelter in-doors. We *love* sun-beams; and we drank our full of them, catching the echoes of the music as they came dancing out of the castle windows. And now there was another music and a louder: the band of the regiment of Sir Londonderry, (2nd Life Guards,) was playing favourite airs, and so enlivened the garden with much bruit.

But it was time to trace our steps to the *chateau*, and well were we repaid for going back. The damsel Anichini, whose presence, like the lady in the *Sensitive Plant* of the poet, was "felt everywhere," and whose spirits had arisen with her task, was now upon the platform, singing, with Coletti, a duet from *Maria di Rohan*, by the self-same Donizetti. We could not but admire the ease of her method, which gave full play to the mellow beauty of her tones, that fell upon the ear like soft rain on a fevered brow. "A lovely voice and a lovely singer," was whispered on all sides of us. As for ourselves, we could say nothing; our thoughts were too many and busy, and jostled each other in their egress from the gates of sound; our lips moved and spake not; they were dumb with suppressed eloquence. At length, however, we were able to say, "Ah, Madle. Anichini!"—whereupon, without another word, we went upstairs and found ourselves in a spacious picture gallery, resplendent with rare *tableaux*, antique carvings, gorgeous tapestries, and other works of art. A bay window, in a small recess, allowed us a solitary refuge; and a fine prospect into the country over miles and miles of wood and water, cheered the heart within us. What a great consoler is the face of nature! We dreamed that two lovers sat at that bay-window, talking silently to each other, while the hall resounded with the steps of the dancers, and the walls mimicked the laugh of revelry. For these two lovers there was the quiet moon and their very selves. What else did they want?

We were awakened from our dream by a friendly tap on the shoulder. It was Fiorentino, who, with his brilliant wit and pleasant bantering, soon dispersed the mist of fantasy, and brought us back to 1850, June 24, Monday, half-past

five. It was half-past five; the concert was over, and the host, Sir Wolley, was courteously taking leave of the guests, while his fair lady was busily employed in similar attentions in another part of the building; from him we learned that Campden House was an ancient palace of Queen Anne, and that he was endeavouring to revive its ancient splendour, preferring, however, the Elizabethan tone, as less artificial, and undamaged by the frippery of Louis XIV. He is right. Meanwhile, we had lost the performances of the famous Frezzolini, the accomplished Gardoni, the spirited Parodi, the florid Calzolari, the French Lefort, *qui chante du Quidant*, and the pianoforte-player, Krinitz, who imitated a *bananier* on the keys of the instrument. All this had gone on in the theatre while, we were dozing like King Mark, at the bay-window. We were sorry, but we could not help it. What with the house, and the garden, and the pictures, and the armour, and the sandwiches, and the sherbet, there were so many conflicting elements of attraction, that it was not to be wondered at if, at intervals, we forgot the music. Still, when we beheld the ardent Schira, the vivacious Vera, the eager Biletti, the tranquil Pilotti, and the courteous Benedict—every one and each of whom had touched the keys of the instrument in concert with the voice of the singers—when we beheld the five conductors, hat on head and stick in hand, wend their way in a body from the castle gates, we own that a twinge of conscience reminded us of a duty neglected and a pleasure lost. Let us hope, however, for another occasion, of having Frezzolini, Gardoni, Calzolari, Lefort, and Krinitz. They will doubtless all be here in 1851, and will all reassemble at a glance from the persuasive Anichini, to whom we are indebted, even more than for her delightful *fête* for hearing seen a portrait of Mary Stuart—Mary, Queen of Scots—or MARY, as we would fain call her, which surpasses all we ever gazed on in perfect and enchanting beauty—unless it be the face of Rachel, which is unsurpassable!

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The performances on Saturday comprised a repetition of *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, a scene from *I Montecchi ed I Capuletti*, and a variety of *ballet* entertainments. In our hurried notice of the first performance of *Il Matrimonio*, we omitted to name Sig. F. Lablache, whose Count Robinson, besides its vocal correctness, is one of the neatest and most gentlemanly impersonations on the Italian stage. It is only because this very useful and clever artist has at once the honour and misfortune to bear the name of his illustrious father, that his efforts are not always appreciated at their proper value. F. Lablache, however, is not merely an accomplished musician and a good singer, but a natural and excellent actor.

The concert given on Monday night in the music-room of this establishment, under the name of Madame Pasta's "farewell concert," may be regarded almost as a private affair. The announcements had been so sparing, and so chary of particulars, that the public knew very little about the event in advance, and the result was a select audience, composed of some who recollect Madame Pasta when she was the greatest ornament of the lyric drama, and others of our own time, eager to catch the last echoes of a voice which had once filled all Europe with its praises. The first were the pleasures of days gone by; while the last, in deference to the opinions of their immediate predecessors, listened with respect, applauded the remains of past greatness, and imagined the rest. Such was literally the effect of last night's performance. An

out by delicacy, good taste, and brilliant mechanism. While each was admired and applauded, a preference was shown for the *étude* styled "pastorale," a movement of extreme freshness and piquancy.

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But it was time to trace our steps to the *chateau*, and well were we repaid for going back. The damsel Anichini, whose presence, like the lady in the *Sensitive Plant* of the poet, was "felt everywhere," and whose spirits had arisen with her task, was now upon the platform, singing, with Coletti, a duet from *Maria di Rohan*, by the self-same Donizetti. We could not but admire the ease of her method, which gave full play to the mellow beauty of her tones, that fell upon the ear like soft rain on a fevered brow. "A lovely voice and a lovely singer," was whispered on all sides of us. As for ourselves, we could say nothing; our thoughts were too many and busy, and jostled each other in their egress from the gates of sound; our lips moved and spoke not; they were dumb with suppressed eloquence. At length, however, we were able to say, "Ah, Mdlle. Anichini!"—whereupon, without another word, we went upstairs and found ourselves in a spacious picture gallery, resplendent with rare *tableaux*, antique carvings, gorgeous tapestries, and other works of art. A bay window, in a small recess, allowed us a solitary refuge; and a fine prospect into the country over miles and miles of wood and water, cheered the heart within us. What a great consoler is the face of nature! We dreamed that two lovers sat at that bay-window, talking silently to each other, while the hall resounded with the steps of the dancers, and the walls mimicked the laugh of revelry. For these two lovers there was the quiet moon and their very selves. What else did they want?

We were awakened from our dream by a friendly tap on the shoulder. It was Fiorentino, who, with his brilliant wit and pleasant bantering, soon dispersed the mist of fantasy, and brought us back to 1850, June 24, Monday, half-past

five. It was half-past five; the concert was over, and the host, Sir Wolley, was courteously taking leave of the guests, while his fair lady was busily employed in similar attentions in another part of the building; from him we learned that Campden House was an ancient palace of Queen Anne, and that he was endeavouring to revive its ancient splendour, preferring, however, the Elizabethan tone, as less artificial, and undamaged by the frippery of Louis XIV. He is right. Meanwhile, we had lost the performances of the famous Frezzolini, the accomplished Gardoni, the spirited Parodi, the florid Calzolari, the French Lefort, *qui chante du Quidant*, and the pianoforte-player, Krintz, who imitated a *bananier* on the keys of the instrument. All this had gone on in the theatre while, we were dozing like King Mark, at the bay-window. We were sorry, but we could not help it. What with the house, and the garden, and the pictures, and the armour, and the sandwiches, and the sherbet, there were so many conflicting elements of attraction, that it was not to be wondered at if, at intervals, we forgot the music. Still, when we beheld the ardent Schira, the vivacious Vera, the eager Biletti, the tranquil Pilotti, and the courteous Benedict—every one and each of whom had touched the keys of the instrument in concert with the voice of the singers—when we beheld the five conductors, hat on head and stick in hand, wend their way in a body from the castle gates, we own that a twinge of conscience reminded us of a duty neglected and a pleasure lost. Let us hope, however, for another occasion, of having Frezzolini, Gardoni, Calzolari, Lefort, and Krintz. They will doubtless all be here in 1851, and will all reassemble at a glance from the persuasive Anichini, to whom we are indebted, even more than for her delightful *fete* for hearing seen a portrait of Mary Stuart—Mary, Queen of Scots—or MARY, as we would fain call her, which surpasses all we ever gazed on in perfect and enchanting beauty—unless it be the face of Rachel, which is unsurpassable!

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE performances on Saturday comprised a repetition of *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, a scene from *I Montecchi ed I Capuletti*, and a variety of *ballet* entertainments. In our hurried notice of the first performance of *Il Matrimonio*, we omitted to name Sig. F. Lablache, whose Count Robinson, besides its vocal correctness, is one of the neatest and most gentlemanly impersonations on the Italian stage. It is only because this very useful and clever artist has at once the honour and misfortune to bear the name of his illustrious father, that his efforts are not always appreciated at their proper value. F. Lablache, however, is not merely an accomplished musician and a good singer, but a natural and excellent actor.

The concert given on Monday night in the music-room of this establishment, under the name of Madame Pasta's "farewell concert," may be regarded almost as a private affair. The announcements had been so sparing, and so chary of particulars, that the public knew very little about the event in advance, and the result was a select audience, composed of some who recollect Madame Pasta when she was the greatest ornament of the lyric drama, and others of our own time, eager to catch the last echoes of a voice which had once filled all Europe with its praises. The first were the pleasures of days gone by; while the last, in deference to the opinions of their immediate predecessors, listened with respect, applauded the remains of past greatness, and imagined the rest. Such was literally the effect of last night's performance. An

audience more enthusiastic and more determined to be gratified was never congregated within the walls of a concert-room. The applause that greeted Madame Pasta's appearance on the platform was deafening; it continued at intervals during the whole of the famous recitative and air from *Tancredi*, "Oh Patria," which those who frequented the Italian Opera more than 20 years ago will remember as one of her grandest efforts, and was redoubled with energy at the conclusion. Similar demonstrations attended Madame Pasta's subsequent performances—the duet, "Mille sospiri e lagrime" (Rossini) with her gifted and favourite pupil, Mademoiselle Parodi; the *aria* of Glück, "Che faro senza Euridice;" and the brilliant *air* of Pacini, "I tuoi frequenti palpiti"—the only difference to be noted being their continually increasing vehemence. After every effort Madame Pasta was recalled upon the platform, amidst cheers and acclamations, and a repetition of the last movement of Pacini's *aria* was insisted upon, and, after some little hesitation, acceded.

Having stated the manner in which Madame Pasta was fêted by the audience, we have, perhaps, done as much as should be expected of us under the circumstances. Lest, however, a criticism may be looked for by those who are anxious for minute details, we shall, in as few words as possible, describe those points in the vocalization of the renowned artist which recalled the glory of her prime. Her most perfect effort was the *aria* of Glück, "Che faro senza Euridice," which was also the most classical and beautiful *morceau* in the programme. In this fine specimen of one of the greatest of dramatic composers, half of the audience were enabled to welcome with a new delight what the other half were made acquainted with for the first time—a manner of phrasing and a grandeur of expression which belong to a style of singing now, unhappily, almost extinct. A method of respiration which allowed of the longest sentences being uttered without any perceptible break was also remarked with admiration, while a classical severity of taste in the choice and use of ornaments offered a not less striking example for the consideration of the present school of singers. These high qualities, which, being purely mental, defy the encroachments of time, are still observable in Madame Pasta's singing. Upon the rest it would be ungrateful to dilate. What Madame Pasta was is known to all the world; her name belongs to the history of music, and her career will constitute one of its brightest pages. What she is—a relic of one of the most admirable monuments of executive art—must be contemplated with the veneration due to a fame well earned. To criticise defects that spring from the silent but uncompromising march of years, to chronicle failings which are not of art, but of humanity, would imply a want of feeling and discretion of which we should be sorry to accuse our worst enemies. Madame Pasta will ever be Madame Pasta in the memory of those who knew her in her best days, and twenty such exhibitions as that of Monday night would not suffice to lessen her in the estimation of the judicious and reflecting. We may regret that circumstances should have compelled her to appear before the public with diminished powers, but we cannot forget that she was once the worthy object of universal homage.

Madame Pasta was assisted by Mademoiselle Parodi, Signors Gardoni, Calzolari, Baucarde, Coletti, Lablache, F. Lablache, and Belletti, by the chorus of Her Majesty's Theatre, and by Mr. Balfé and Signor Schira, who presided as accompanists at the pianoforte.

On Tuesday there was no performance. The Theatre was closed in respect to the memory of the royal and illustrious Duke, who died on the previous night.

The fourth and last grand concert of the season took place on Wednesday morning before a brilliant audience. The programme, divided into three parts and containing upwards of 30 pieces, included several compositions of classical interest. The concert began with the eighth symphony of Beethoven in F major. This masterpiece was given without curtailment, and the manner in which it was executed conferred the highest credit on the band and on Mr. Balfé the conductor, to whose careful training is due the vast improvement lately noticed in this powerful body of executants. The *scherzo* and Wedding March from Mendelssohn's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Beethoven's overture to the tragedy of *Egmont*, were also presented in the course of the performance, and rendered in a style of equal excellence. The vocal programme included the names of the principal members of the establishment, all of whom appeared except Miss Catherine Hayes and Mr. Sims Reeves, who, though announced in the bills, were not forthcoming, no explanation being tendered for their absence. Among the most finished exhibitions of vocal skill were the performances of Madame Sontag, who sang "The Soldier tired," Eckert's "Swiss Air with variations," and a duet from Spohr's *Jessonda*, with Signor Gardoni. In the famous old air from Dr. Arne's *Artaxerxes*, once the *cheval de bataille* of the celebrated Mrs. Billington, Madame Sontag displayed a surprising facility in the execution of florid divisions; rapidity and neatness were alike remarkable, and the general conception betrayed a happy appreciation of the ancient school of *bravura*. This, and the elegant *air varié* of Herr Eckert, with its delicate choral accompaniment, were encored with acclamation. The duet of Spohr, one of the gems of his best opera, was beautifully sung by Madame Sontag and Signor Gardoni, who, while giving the utmost warmth of expression to the music, refrained from "embellishing" its graceful melodies by any superfluous admixture of ornament or cadence. Mdlle. Frezzolini only appeared twice, but on both occasions with brilliant success. Her first effort was the duet "Ferma non d'Ascolto," (from *Tancredi*) with Mdlle. Ida Bertrand; her second the *polacca* from Persiani's almost unknown opera, *Il Fantasma*. The latter was a striking display of florid vocalization, in which the higher notes of the voice, from A to D in *alt*, were constantly employed with singular ease and distinctness. Mdlle. Masson, one of the *prima donne* from the Académie Royale de Musique in Paris, made her first appearance in England at this concert. Essentially a dramatic singer, this young lady, who has well earned her reputation on the boards of that great lyrical theatre, does not shine to so much advantage in the concert room. Her voice is a *mezzo soprano* of considerable power, and her style of singing at once declares that her natural element is the stage. In a duet from Mercadante's *Il Giuramento* (with Signor Gardoni), and in the grand *aria* from Halévy's *Reine de Chypre*, Mdlle. Masson effected quite enough to show that she was no novice, but a singer of energy and experience; and in the latter she was rewarded with the warmest applause. Mdlle. Parodi was put down to sing the fine *aria*, "Si lo sento," from Spohr's *Faust*; which, however, to the great disappointment of the audience, she omitted, confining her exertions to taking part in several concerted pieces. Signors Calzolari and Gardoni each sang an *aria*, the former, "Una furtiva lagrima," which he has lately almost made his own; the latter, a fine old song by Stradella, who in his day was equally renowned as a singer and composer. The great Lablache gave two of his *buffo* duets—the "Lezione di Canto," with Madame Sontag, and "Maitre Francesco," from Coccia's *Carlotta e Werter*, with Signor F. Lablache, in both of which his humour was as irresistible.

ble as ever," and in both seconded with the utmost ability. The other vocal solos worthy of notice were Pizarro's grand air (with chorus) from *Fidelio*, well sung by Signor Belletti, and Cherubini's "O salutaris hostia," carefully rendered by Mdlle. Ida Bertrand. The concerted pieces included the quartet "Come ohime," from Paesiello's *Nina*, an exquisite specimen of that graceful composer; a very sparkling and melodious trio for three tenors, by Curschmann, a German composer of more than ordinary talent, recently deceased; and a clever and well-written quartet, "Vien d'Aurora," from Balfe's *Siege of Rochelle*. The first was sang by Madame Giuliani, Mdlle. Parodi, Signors Baucarde and Coletti; the second by Signors Gardoni, Calzolari, and Baucarde; the last by Madame Giuliani, Mdlle. Parodi, Signors Coletti and Lorenzo. The trio of Curschmann was admirably executed and unanimously encored. The full pieces were the "Prisoners' Chorus," from *Fidelio*, a selection from Mozart's *Requiem*, the *finale* to *Fidelio*, and the final chorus, from Beethoven's *First Mass*. Better music could not have been desired, but a better execution might have been obtained with a little extra trouble. The chorus was imperfect, unsteady, and out of tune—so much so, indeed, that not one of these fine compositions was rendered intelligible to the audience. We have more than once insisted that unless efficient preparation can be insured it would be much wiser to leave the choral works of the great masters unattempted, since their inadequate performance results in nothing but discredit to all concerned.

The concert was agreeably varied by two performances of Mr. Thalberg on the pianoforte. In the first *allegro* of Beethoven's concerto in C minor, with orchestral accompaniments, Mr. Thalberg introduced a *cadenza* almost as long as the movement itself, which was, moreover, quite out of keeping with the style of the music. We have already more than once expressed a strong objection to these elaborately prepared *cadenzas*, which were never intended by the composer, who by the *point d'orgue* meant nothing more than an opportunity for the performer to exercise his skill in an improvisation on the principal themes. In other respects Mr. Thalberg's *cadenza* was an astonishing display of execution, and his general performance of the concerto was so good that we could not but reproach him for omitting the last two movements. Mr. Thalberg's second effort was one of his own fantasias, *L'Elisir d'Amore*—of which we have spoken on a previous occasion. He played it with wonderful brilliancy, and being rapturously encored, substituted the last part of his *Don Pasquale*, in which the serenade, "Come e gentil," is the principal feature.

Although it was nearly six o'clock before the concert terminated, the programme appeared to give general satisfaction. Indeed, it was so judiciously varied that the majority of the audience appeared unmindful of its extreme length, and there were not very many departures before the last piece was over.

The announcement that Madame Pasta would once more appear on the stage, on Thursday evening, attracted the largest audience since the Lind-mania was at its height. Amateurs and connoisseurs, old and young, those who had seen her and those who had not seen her, all congregated to look their last—now, indeed, their last, hope has no reservation—upon the undoubted queen of the Lyric Drama. Many went with their hearts full of recollections of Pasta in her grandeur and sublimity; they had witnessed the decline of her powers within the last score of years; and, not expecting impossibilities, they were inclined to make every allowance, and so, from Pasta the ruin could recall the glorious artist of days gone by.

Others, who had only known Pasta by report, who had heard her lauded beyond all artists who had ever trod the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre, would make no compromise with time, but expected the freshness of youth in the sexagenarian; and these were lamentably disappointed.

Madame Pasta selected parts of *Anna Bolena* for her final essay. The opening scene of act the second, and the death scene were made choice of by her. We are not going to enter into an analysis of the performance. The task would be the most ungrateful to which we could devote ourselves. Madame Pasta's voice is not entirely gone. Indeed, considering the age of the artist, what remains of it is extraordinary. In extent and power, we are faintly reminded of what Madame Pasta's voice was in the zenith of her fame. She can use it with considerable fluency, but of the quality very little is left to remind us of what has been.

Nothing could be more enthusiastic than Madame Pasta's reception. The whole house cheered her for minutes. Her first scene was somewhat coldly received. The voice of the singer refused to obey the impulses of the artist, and the great points of the scene did not tell. The death scene showed Madame Pasta to far greater advantage. Here we were frequently and forcibly reminded of the artist in the days of her greatness. The madness was assumed with a power and a truthfulness which nothing could surpass; and in every motion and attitude the genius of Pasta rose from the grave of the past, and shed a redeeming light over every fault of her singing. Even here, as if inspired by the influence of the time and scene and reinvigorated for the moment, Madame Pasta's singing was admirable—not merely from the indications it held out of the grandeur and purity of that style which has become an exemplar to the vocal world, but admirable in itself, from its simple and intense delivery and the exquisite *finesse* of its phrasing. We speak more particularly of the prayer which Anna Bolena sings on her knees, which was most charmingly and expressively given by the glorious artist.

It is unnecessary to speak further. Madame Pasta was recalled at the fall of the curtain, and was received with the most enthusiastic demonstrations, and showers of bouquets were thrown on the stage; and the scene closed on the labours and the hopes of the greatest lyric artist of all time.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The deaths of a great statesman and a royal personage, have thrown a gloom over public amusements since our last which it will take some time to dispel. Nevertheless, the management of this theatre has not been inactive, and the temporary indisposition of Madame Viardot has been atoned for in the most satisfactory manner possible.

The lovers of Rossini's music were gratified on Saturday night, for the first time at this theatre, by a very complete and effective performance of *Otello*, an opera composed with almost unexampled rapidity, yet containing many beautiful melodies and a great deal of fine dramatic writing. That here and there the music is at variance with the words and situations must be attributed to that hasty manner of production which, although it places the prodigious facility of Rossini in a strong light, has been too often detrimental to the lasting fame of his works. The author of the book, Signor Tottola, while taking Shakspere's *Othello* as the foundation of his *libretto*, seems to have been at great pains to alter Shakspere's incidents wherever that was possible. The *dramatis personae*, are the same, but the motives and conduct of each individual character are essentially different. The scene takes place at

Venice, instead of Cyprus. Otello has returned victorious, and, in the midst of triumphal honours, burns for the love of Desdemona, the daughter of Elmiro, a Venetian nobleman. He has, however, two deadly enemies—Iago, a rejected lover of Desdemona, and Roderigo, son of the Doge, whose addresses are looked upon with favour by her father. These two become confederates against the life and happiness of Otello. Iago has contrived to intercept a love-letter and a lock of hair, intended by Desdemona for Otello, and with these, which he affects to have obtained from Roderigo, the false Italian works upon the feelings of the Moor, and exasperates him to commit the crime which forms the climax of the opera. Otello does not smother Desdemona as in the tragedy, but wakes her from her sleep, and, after a brief expostulation, stabs her with his dagger, upon which incident the curtain drops. In spite of the obscurity of the plot, the inexplicable positions of the respective characters to each other, and the striking inferiority of the whole to the original play, *Otello*, as a vehicle for music, presents advantages of which Rossini might undoubtedly have made better use. There are opportunities for three grand duets, and two elaborate *finales*, which have by no means had justice done them. A duet in which Otello defies Roderigo; another, where Iago deceives the Moor by his treacherous inventions; and a third, which conveys the jealous reproaches of Otello to Desdemona, are highly suggestive. That Rossini has treated them with perfect success we are not disposed to admit, however willing we may be to accord to his music the characteristics that so rarely fail him, of brilliancy and animation, especially in the duet between Otello and Roderigo. The *finale* to the first act, involving the return of Otello just at the moment when Desdemona is about to yield to the urgent remonstrances of her father in favour of Roderigo; and the *finale* to the second act, in which Desdemona, informed of the safety of her lover, obstinately resists the wishes of Elmiro, are equally well adapted for musical effect. In these, Rossini, who always shines in the illustration of contending emotions and the busy conflict of masses, has been more successful; the two *morceaux d'ensemble*, "Ah! che giorno d'orror," and "L'error d'un infelice," are beautiful, but, with these exceptions, the materials of both the *finales* are less solid, and their development less skilful, than what other such highly-wrought combinations have elicited from the gifted composer. The third act, however, the shortest and least complex, is, from first to last, beyond reproach. The romance of Desdemona, "Assisa a piè d'un Salice," and the prayer, "Deh calma, o Ciel, nel sonno," are profoundly touching. The final duet, in which Otello, after passionate reproaches, deaf to the protestations of Desdemona, first kills her and then himself, is, in its way, a *chef d'œuvre*; and it can hardly be a matter for surprise that Rossini himself should avow a preference for this one scene over most of his dramatic compositions.

Whatever may be thought of the comparative merits of *Otello*, when weighed in the scale with other works of Rossini, such a performance as that of Saturday, in which Grisi, Tammerlik, and Ronconi, as Desdemona, Otello, and Iago, almost restored the absorbing excitement of the ancient cast, could not fail to excite enthusiasm. During the whole of the present season, Grisi has not been heard in such good voice, and on no previous occasion has she acted with such extraordinary vigour and passion. Her opening recitative was finely declaimed, and the air, "Quando guerrier mio splendido," sung with glowing animation, brought down the loudest applause. Equally fine was the duet, "Vorrei, che il tuo pensiero," with Emilia (Mademoiselle Cotti, who sang the music of this unthankful part with extreme care), and the *finale*, in which the

unexpected appearance of Otello at the back of the stage recalls the apparition of Edgardo in the contract scene of *Lucia di Lammermoor*. But it was in the second act that Grisi put forth the whole of her vocal and dramatic energy. In the trio with Otello and Roderigo her appeals to the forbearance of one and the faith of the other were most affecting; she gave the complaint, "Tratante smania," &c., with accents that fully expressed the anguish and despair of Desdemona, and executed the *bravura*, "Che smania," &c., with a volume of tone and impetuosity of feeling that completely took the audience by storm. When the curtain fell on the second act there was a loud call from every part of the house, in obedience to which Grisi came forward alone, and walked across the stage amidst continued cheering.

In the part of Otello, Signor Tammerlik may be considered to have displayed for the first time the whole resources of his talent, vocal and histrionic. His conception of the character was admirable, and his appearance highly prepossessing; the costume suited him well, while the easy grace of his action lent dignity to the whole impersonation. It was in the scenes of strong passion that the voice of Signor Tammerlik produced the greatest effect, although his opening *cavatina*, the well-known "Ah! si per voi," was a fine burst of energetic singing, and at once established his position with the audience. The grand duet with Iago,

"Non m'inganno," where the powerful aid of Signor Ronconi was brought into request, created a *furore*. This was masterly performance. Point after point was made on either side, until the applause of the audience became so frequent that it almost seemed a natural accompaniment to the duet. Two movements, in spite of the evident desire of Mr. Costa not to arrest the progress of the music, were encored and repeated, at the unanimous demand of the audience, who carried their point against the united opposition of singers and conductor, expressing their satisfaction anew by a call for Signors Tammerlik and Ronconi at the conclusion. The third act was, however, the grandest effort of Signor Tammerlik. Here the tremor which has been remarked on certain notes of his voice gave additional intensity to the passages of vehement grief, and produced a thrilling effect. Whether this tremor be a natural peculiarity, or an artifice of the singer, is, we think, of small consequence. Those who remember Rubini will not have forgotten that he had it too; and it was with that great singer, as with Signor Tammerlik, a frequent and happy agent in the expression of pungent and overpowering emotion; at the same time it must not be denied that it is occasionally monotonous, more especially in plain recitative, and passages of level singing. The acting both of Grisi and Tammerlik throughout the whole of this terrible scene was of the highest order—impassioned and expressive, without the slightest tendency to exaggeration. The catastrophe, so difficult to manage, was effected in the most natural manner, and the curtain fell, before the prostrate bodies of Desdemona and Otello, amidst unrestrained and unanimous applause.

Little remains to be said of the Iago of Ronconi. Although stripped of all the dreadful interest with which Shakespeare has invested this being of inscrutable motives, Ronconi, with that subtle conception of character for which his acting is always distinguished, succeeded in imparting to the Iago of the Italian librettist a certain air of mystery, which redeemed it from common-place, and by removing it from the class of ordinary villains, commanded respect and attention. It is in this faculty of creating individuality where none may be suggested by the text that lies one of the secrets of Ronconi's power as an actor. The smallest part assumes importance in his hands, through

the impress it receives from his own original mind. The Roderigo of Signor Maralti was a careful and judicious performance; and M. Zelger, the bass, gave considerable vocal weight to the music of Elmiro. The band, under Mr. Costa, was always excellent; the overture was encored, and the finales and concerted music generally presented a far more satisfactory ensemble than on a recent occasion, of which we had to complain, in *La Gazza Ladra*. The chorus, which is of constant importance in the two first acts, was, for the most part, very efficient. In enumerating the fine points of Madame Grisi's performance, we should have mentioned the perfect manner in which she delivered the simple and exquisite romance, "Assisa a piè d'un salice," the gem of the third act and, perhaps, of the opera. At the fall of the curtain, Madame Grisi and Signor Tamberlik were twice recalled. The house was well attended.

On Tuesday, there was no performance. In consequence of the lamented death of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge on the preceding night, the doors of every theatre in the metropolis were closed.

On Thursday, *Don Giovanni* was performed for the last time, with the same powerful caste as on the previous occasions. Tamburini's *Don* was, if possible, more powerful and splendid than ever, and the Leperello of Herr Formes is now acknowledged by musicians, amateurs, and critics, as a masterpiece.

A Morning Concert took place yesterday—the last of the season—for the benefit of the Italian Refugees. The principal feature of the concert was Madame Pasta, who sung a duet with Castellan, which was encored, and Pacini's "Il soave bel contento." The glorious artist excited the utmost enthusiasm. The programme contained in it nothing particularly new. Madame Viardot created a great sensation in the *rondo finale* from *Cenerentola*, in which she introduced some novel and very striking broderies. There is nothing appertaining to the Royal Italian Opera which demands more serious reformation than the Morning Concerts. We trust Mr. Costa will turn his mind to this subject.

JULLIEN AT COLCHESTER.

(From a Correspondent.)

ON arriving at this pleasant and retired town, my curiosity was aroused by unusual demonstrations of excitement. The town bells were ringing their loudest and merriest peals. In every window and on every wall, bills were posted, announcing the unexpected intelligence that the shops would close at five o'clock, p. m. The quiet town of Colchester, thought I, has gained some new important privilege unpossessed by other towns, and is going to celebrate the event. Every body seemed to be in too great a hurry to answer my enquiries, so I followed the crowd until I arrived at a spacious garden, the *Colchester Botanic*, I believe. I paid half a crown at the eager summons of a personage at the entry, and at length discovered the cause of all this commotion. In the principal promenade, there was a peculiar looking individual, the "observed of all observers," (a kind of Egyptian hieroglyph to the wondering crowd), with a copy of *Punch* in his hand, in evident enjoyment of some special article in that witty and sagacious print. Making all haste to come along side this odd-looking craft, I succeeded, by energetic efforts, to obtain a convenient place, when, to my great surprise, and, let me add, satisfaction, I found myself face-to-face with no less a personage than the renowned Jullien, surrounded by cornets, flutes, clarionets, horns, trumpets, and other instru-

ments, in the hands of Koenig, Collinet, Pratten, Godfrey, Sonnenberg, Sommers, Jarrett, and others equally well-known to fame. A glance at the programme, and another at my watch, I found that there were yet some minutes to spare before the concert would begin. These I devoted to a walk round the garden, and was rewarded by a view and a smell of a superb collection of flowers, among which were some of the most beautiful roses I ever saw. A friend, whom I met strolling about like myself, informed me that the arrival of the popular Jullien was considered by the inhabitants as an unanswerable pretext for a general holiday. The bells were rung expressly in his honor, and school masters gave permission to their assistants to leave work and take advantage of the occasion, much to the gratification of the boys, whose three cheers for "Mounseer Jullien," were among the most musical and merry of the noises that made the Town-hall echo again. The orchestra and the entrance to the gardens were ornamented with flowers, amidst which the name of JULLIEN shone forth in a transparency. The effect was blazing and pretty. At last the band began to play, and the crowd began to listen with greedy ears. The programme contained the most popular pieces from the ever varying *repertoire* of the most indefatigable of public caterers. Solos were performed by the sentimental Koenig, the brilliant Pratten, and the mellifluous Collinet. The programme was almost literally performed twice over; nearly every piece was encored. Amongst those which seemed particularly to astonish the "natives," may be mentioned Rossini's overture to *Guillaume Tell*, the *scherzo* from Mendelssohn's symphony in A minor, a grand selection from Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, and Jullien's own "Grand Ghorka March." The band was composed chiefly of "wind," the only string instruments being violoncellos and double basses. The effect, in the open air, of such a combination, is almost as good as that produced by a complete concert band, with the full complement of "cat-gut."

I am at present bent upon wandering about the country, and shall visit several of the large towns, during the months of July and August. Should I encounter anything in my musical travels, I shall drop you a line.

Q.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.

THE season here terminated on Monday night with the benefit of Mr. Webster, who delivered the following address:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—In accordance with custom, I beg on this, the closing night of our mimic session, teeming with acts and studied speeches, to offer you my grateful acknowledgments for your continued patronage of this our house of representation. The sudden serious illness of Mr. Macready, which was a misfortune beyond human ken, unless gifted with second sight, or, as it is fashionably termed, the faculty of clairvoyance, combined with the too numerous and over puffed-up foreign amusements, which, in one particular instance, reminds one strongly of the frog who essayed to outsize the bull—have placed our last quarter's revenue not quite on a parallel with that cheering account of the public revenue, imposing new duties upon me and a fresh tax upon your kindness.

"I am, however, delighted—as every lover of the drama must be—to inform you that Mr. Macready is in better health now than I have seen him for years, and the rest from care and fatigue he so much needed will enable him to appear before you for his final performances on any stage in October next, with renewed vigour both of mind and body."

"Some new and youthful histrionic talent will be presented to you during the ensuing season, and also some new and original dramas, which will not disgrace, I trust, that standing the dramatic literature of this country has universally attained, and which, as far as my humble efforts have permitted, it has ever been my pride to support.

"In justice to the popular authors of *Whitefriars*, *Owen Tudor*, and many other works of fiction, I feel it incumbent on me to state that the Lord Chamberlain's interdiction on the comedy of *Richelieu in Love* having been removed, it would have been produced this season, had not the serious indisposition of Mr. James Wallack and Mrs. W. Clifford rendered it impossible; but it will certainly be one of the first novelties when we re-open.

"Assuring you, ladies and gentlemen, that every effort shall be exerted during the recess to make this still the legitimate theatre in London, I respectfully, and in the name of the entire company, wish you until our next merry meeting in September all health and happiness."

Mr. Webster was frequently and loudly cheered during his address. The entertainments consisted of *The Roused Lion*, *Who's your Friend*; or, *the Queensberry Fete*; and *The Enchanted Isle*.

ST. JAMES'S.

FRENCH PLAYS.—"On Monday night," says *The Times*, "by a single scene, or rather, we might say, by a single word in that scene, Mdlle. Rachel achieved a triumph even surpassing those she had already achieved in her Phdre and Roxane."

Never was a great truth more promptly and forcibly recorded. The writer of the *Times*, by this single sentence, has, with a stroke of the pen, conveyed a thorough idea of one of the grandest efforts of Rachel and the dramatic art. The *Polyeucte* of Pierre Corneille, written in 1640, is termed a "Christian tragedy," and is founded on the martyrdom of a young Armenian noble in the persecution of the Emperor Decius. During previous engagements of Mdlle. Rachel, Mr. Mitchell has attempted to produce this celebrated work, but has been unable so to do on account of the objections made by authorities to the nature of the subject. These objections have been overruled, and the result was the performance of Monday night. Into the question whether or not the tragedy is fitted for representation on a London stage, we shall not enter under this head. Considered as a literary work, its plot and its tone are not only completely unobjectionable, but the whole is animated by such a spirit of exalted piety, that as a work to be perused in the closet it will probably find favour with many persons to whom productions in a dramatic form are generally repugnant. On the other hand, with those who lay it down as a principle that allusions to sacred subjects should not be made in a theatre, it is impossible to justify the performance of *Polyeucte*, for which such allusions the piece abounds.

Waving the broad question as to the propriety of producing *Polyeucte*, we confine ourselves to the acting of Mdlle. Rachel. Pauline, whom she represents, is the daughter of Felix, the Roman Governor of Armenia, in obedience to whom she has married Polyeucte, though her heart was previously engaged to Severus, a Roman knight. Her ruling characteristic is a strong sense of duty; and though she has been united to Polyeucte without love, she firmly resists every temptation that is offered when Severus re-appears in Armenia. Polyeucte becomes a Christian, and incurs the extreme penalty of the law by insulting the Pagan gods; while Severus has risen in worldly rank, and consequently Felix would be but too glad

to dispatch his son-in-law, in order to make way for a more advantageous successor. Pauline abhors Christianity, but still her sense of duty prompts her to use every exertion to save her husband. His life is offered to him, if he will recant, and Pauline employs all her powers of persuasion. Her efforts are in vain; he is put to death, but the sight of his constancy causes her to adopt the Christian faith, and with the conversion of her and her father the piece terminates.

The aspect and manner which Mdlle. Rachel assumes in this character are precisely the reverse of those which she assumes in Roxane. There we had a restless, impassioned nature, regulated by no principle, and ready to commit any act which inclination might prompt. Here every feeling is controlled by the sense of duty, and Pauline appears as a tranquil being, incapable of wrong—mild, but firm in pursuing the course she has fixed upon as right. Her air is calm, and the simplicity of her costume is in keeping with the nature of her character. Through the earlier part of the piece scarcely anything occurs that may be called a "point." She has an interview with Severus in which she avows her former love, she has to employ her powers of persuasion with her father and her husband, she has to exhibit intense suffering and even aversion, but every feeling is under control, and all is expressed by a refined declamation, with that unity of colouring which Mdlle. Rachel alone can give.

By a performance so exquisitely delicate and truthful the audience are charmed, but they are not electrified till the fifth act, when Mdlle. Rachel makes one of the most brilliant displays of histrionic power ever seen on any stage. She has seen the martyrdom of her husband, and at once she is transformed from a quiet sufferer to a sublime enthusiast. Her first impulse is that of grief for her loss, and indignation against her father; but the sense of her conversion rushes upon her to the exclusion of every feeling but that of faith and hope, and in the short avowal, "Je crois!" she becomes for the moment a being raised beyond the possibility of earthly conflict. The pallid face, the flashing eyes, the uplifted arms, give the most perfect notion of actual inspiration that can be conceived. A thrill of admiration passed through the audience at this marvellous point, and then came a long steady roll of applause. We do not recollect an instance of a strong impression being so suddenly and so universally made.

A word of praise should be given to M. Raphael, who played the part of Polyeucte, and showed much feeling and judgment in giving it a sort of supernatural elevation. A long speech, written in stanzas, and in itself a fine specimen of French lyrical poetry, was delivered in a solemn impressive style that produced considerable effect.

A classical trifle, entitled *Le Moineau de Lesbie*, followed *Polyeucte*. It is founded, as may be supposed, on the charming little ode, by Catullus, on the death of Lesbia's sparrow; but the grief of Lesbia is occasioned less by the loss of the bird than the inconstancy of the lover. The character of the fascinating beauty is charmingly played by Mdlle. Rachel, who tells the story of the sparrow's fate with the nicest pathos; but nevertheless the little drama, which is not very pointed, comes in as an anti-climax after the absorbing grandeur of Pauline.

On Monday the theatre was crowded to witness Mdlle. Rachel in a new line of character. The greatest anxiety was expressed as to the result, and we confess that we had our misgivings as to the experiment. We were even doubtful whether M. Scribe could not depart from his ordinary routine and endeavour to create a character suited to the peculiar style and powers of the great *tragedienne*. We have repeatedly expressed our admiration of M. Scribe's talent as a drama-

tist; his fertility of invention, his tact and powers of combination, his just appreciation of situation and effect are almost unparalleled in the modern drama; but he had as yet performed nothing in the higher walks of serious dramatic literature. In the drama of *Adrienne Lecourveur* we find no want of those brilliant qualities for which M. Scribe is unrivalled; but at the same time we feel bound to state that he displays no great feature, he brings forward no new graces of diction, and he calls up no stirring sources of delight. This plot is as usual carefully arranged and fully developed; his situations are full of dramatic effect, and present a fair field to the efforts of the actor; but at the same time we are compelled to own that the subject is a doubtful one, for an English audience more especially, and that it is ill calculated to excite our sympathies in favour of the heroine. The picture of French society at the commencement of the reign of Louis XV., as presented to us by M. Scribe, is a nauseous compound of intrigue, dissipation and sensuality; and this loathsome atmosphere is but faintly modified by the presence of the heroine, herself a fallen angel, or by that of the Count Maurice de Saxe, who is equally divided between ambition and the pervading profligacy of the times. Out of such materials no commanding interest could possibly spring. Let us now, however, proceed to enquire how far the actress has redeemed the shortcomings of the authors, (Messrs. Scribe and Legouvé). We may at once say, that Mdlle. Rachel went most triumphantly through the ordeal, which was of no ordinary difficulty, as we have endeavoured to prove. The acting was distinguished by qualities of the highest order; her elaboration of the character was in every respect worthy of her best efforts; and she produced several new effects, and discovered new graces which equally surprised and delighted her audience.

A few words will suffice to give a general idea of this new piece, and will bear us out in the opinion we have expressed of its merits. Maurice de Saxe has long been attached to the wife of the Prince de Bouillon, but has latterly fallen in love with Adrienne Lecourveur, an actress. In an interview with the former he avows his infidelity and proffers his eternal gratitude as an atonement for the love which has evaporated. The princess, by no means pleased with the exchange, endeavours to discover the author of her lover's sudden estrangement. This she contrives to do at her house, where Adrienne Lecourveur has been invited to read some of her parts. A quarrel of words arises out of some trifling circumstance; pointed allusions are made on either side, and the actress stigmatizes the princess by a direct application of a passage which Racine has placed in the mouth of Phèdre, in an analogous position. The princess resolves to be revenged, and sends the actress a bouquet of poisoned flowers. Adrienne recognizes the nosegay as one which she had herself given to Maurice, kisses the flowers, and dies soon after from the effect of the poison. So much for the piece; let us now turn our attention to the admirable acting of Mdlle. Rachel.

The first act went off rather heavily; but, in the second, when Mdlle. Rachel first appears, dressed for the character of Roxana, which she is about to perform, a most affecting interview takes place between Adrienne and Maurice. Adrienne conceives her lover to be a lieutenant under the Count of Saxe, and encourages him to study the French language, of which he is lamentably ignorant; and to that effect gives him a copy of Lafontaine's fables, as a specimen of which she reads the beautiful little poem, of "*Les deux pigeons*".

"Deux pigeons s'aimaient d'amour tendre,"

which Mdlle. Rachel effected with delightful simplicity and af-

fecting expression, laying the emphasis on the last two words in such a manner as to produce a charming effect of earnestness. An interview with the Princesse de Bouillon, which takes place in the dark, where the actress and the *grande dame* mutually discover their rivalry, was highly amusing, and the emphatic manner in which Mdlle. Rachel answers the threats of the Princess by the words—"Et moi, je vous protège," elicited a universal burst of applause. We have never heard such intensity of sarcasm and hatred conveyed in so pithy a sentence. But the fourth act was, in our idea, the greatest triumph of Mdlle. Rachel. Here she declaims the scene in which Phèdre makes the confession of her love, and her eyes flashing fire, and arms outstretched, points to the Princess, as she exclaims,

"Qui goutant dans le crime une honteuse paix,
Ont en se faire un front qui ne rougit jamais."

The effect was great beyond expression, and we confess that we again heard with pleasure the noble language of Racine, and the eloquent accents in which it was conveyed. The glimpse of the majestic Phèdre was peculiarly grateful, and contrasted forcibly with what preceded and followed it. The fifth act is wholly taken up with the death of Adrienne by means of poison. This was in truth a most painful exhibition, and fearfully true to nature. Each symptom that marked the progress of the fatal poison was developed with terrible minuteness by the actress.

In the midst of this evidence of physical suffering, the protestations of her love for Maurice were poured forth by Mdlle. Rachel with the most expressive tenderness: her accents were as melodious as the sweetest music, and passionate and devoted withal. But as the fumes of the deadly narcotic ascend into the brain of poor Adrienne, visions of the past appear before her. She fancies herself on the stage of her ancient triumphs, and that Maurice, in a private box, is professing his love for her rival. A scene of frantic jealousy succeeds, which is followed by complete prostration of the faculties and an ultimate return to consciousness, during which she takes leave of Maurice and dies. This death-scene is a great effort, and produced the most harrowing sensation on the audience. The piercing cry of anguish and despair which Mdlle. Rachel uttered on discovering that she is poisoned was re-echoed among the audience in almost equally poignant exclamations, and the heart-breaking accents of the unfortunate Adrienne evoked the tears of many of her fair listeners. A thrill of horror pervaded the house when Adrienne fell back in her chair and breathed her last—her eyes open as if they would burst from their sockets, and her whole frame thrilling with agony. Long will this last picture continue to haunt our imagination: it was, indeed, a scene of awful impressiveness, and can never be forgotten by those who have witnessed it.

The other characters were satisfactorily filled; that of the Princesse de Bouillon by Mdlle. Avenel, Maurice by M. Félix, and Michonnet by M. Chéry. Mdlle. Rachel was recalled before the curtain several times during the evening. The success of the piece was undoubted; and such is the demand for places, that it has been played three times this week, and will no doubt be again repeated prior to the departure of Mdlle. Rachel.

J DE C—.

HERR BLUMENTHAL.—At a recent concert given by Her Majesty in Buckingham Palace, this pianist had the honour of performing three of his own compositions in the Picture Room. The names of the pieces were, *Les Deux Anges*, *Mazurka*, and *Chant National des Croates*.

LIMERICK.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean opened here, under the management of Mr. Joy, on Monday night last, and have appeared in favourite parts, during the assize week.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

JENNY LIND has come to terms with the Philharmonic Society. The Philharmonic Society appears to be coming before the public with unusual claims for support this season. It was but last week that the engagement of Madame Sontag was announced, and now is a second and more acceptable engagement to be added, that of Jenny Lind. She is to sing in a miscellaneous concert, and also, it is expected, in the *Messiah*. Her appearances are to be on Friday, the 16th, and Monday, the 19th of August, and on the following Wednesday she is to leave this town by the steamship *Atlantic*, to delight American audiences. The appearance of this lady in Liverpool may be called a marked event. Many places would have been glad to have secured her services. The fashionable world of London would have been delighted with her presence. Birmingham and Manchester wooed her to appear, and other great localities sought her services, but in every case the offer has failed, and to Liverpool alone will the Nightingale be visible and heard. It is a matter of much importance that she be well received. We cannot but admire the talent of Jenny Lind, but our esteem for her must be grounded on higher considerations than talent. Her memorial amongst us is her goodness; and when we consider her services on behalf of the Southern Hospital, where she has erected a monument to herself in the hearts of the poor and suffering by her liberality, we cannot help feeling that the town of Liverpool should show its sense of her consideration to its charities by filling the Philharmonic Hall to its fullest extent, and by giving her a reception such as her virtues deserve. No vocalist ever took so high a place in the sympathies of the people of this town as Jenny Lind has done; nor did any one ever so deserve it. When she first appeared under a management which excluded the majority of the people from hearing her, a tribute was paid by the public which is not common in this town, by thousands of persons assembling in Williamson-square and the locality, to catch, if it were possible, but a glimpse of the songstress. Since then she has commended herself to us by those graceful and profitable services to which allusion has been made; and now that she is to be heard at a reasonable charge for admission, and has a pecuniary interest in the affair, it is to be hoped that in this locality a feeling of respect will be elicited, which will find its manifestation in the fullest attendance and the warmest greetings the Philharmonic-hall has ever experienced. It is said she is to receive 1000*l.* for her services.

It will be remembered that all had confidently hoped Jenny Lind would have sung at the opening of the hall; but circumstances over which the committee had no control prevented the plan being carried out. Since that period no pains have been spared, nor expensive offers have been withheld, to attain the presence of the nightingale in Liverpool. The most ardent appeals have been met by determined coolness, and all hope of her appearance had died away. It is my pleasing duty, however, to inform you that the arrangements are at last satisfactorily terminated, and Mdlle. Lind will sing at a grand concert at the hall, on the 16th Aug., and again, for the first time, in the *Messiah*, on the evening of the 19th August.

To those who, with inexpressible delight listened to her singing in the *Elijah*, the *Creation*, and other works, a new treat is in store, and they will hear her in the exquisite songs of the *Messiah*—songs than which none offer greater scope for all that devotional fervour in which she has shown so pre-eminent a power and beauty.

She does not sing in London, and has determinedly declined all offers whatever elsewhere. We believe nothing but the promise she gave when the hall was building has induced her to break through the plan she had laid down of not singing in England. She will be accompanied by the celebrated Benedict as conductor, Miss Martha Williams, and other *artistes*; and if the two performances, extra concerts as they are, should not be crammed—if due praise is not given to the committee—and if we hear one word more about bad management with Jenny Lind, Sontag, Gardoni, a new oratorio, &c., in one half-year, why we give up the cause of music in disgust, and would recommend the hall to be turned into a fish market or cotton warehouse, unless, indeed, as a

last resource, the committee engage the only local singer competent to appear before the public.

Since my last, Miss Pyne and her fellow *artistes* have appeared in several well-known operas with considerable success, though I doubt the policy of every operatic company that condescends to pay us visit performing the same operas season after season. I can admire Balfe, Auber, Wallace, &c., and listen with pleasure to their effusions: but even *they* pall upon my senses by too great frequency of performance; for with productions of real talent the old proverb that "familiarity breeds contempt" still holds good. But as a step in the right direction has been made, I will cease from railing, and turn to a subject which excites more pleasurable emotions, namely, the production of Macfarren's *King Charles the Second*, which important event in our musical annals took place on Monday evening. Mr. G. A. Macfarren is but little known (except to musicians) out of the metropolis, none of his operas, having, I believe, ever been played in the provinces. He has now composed three, namely, *The Devil's Opera*, first produced at the Lyceum Theatre during Mr. Arnold's management; and *Don Quixote*, at Drury Lane, during the *regime* of Mr. Bunn. Though both evidently proceeded from the pen of a genuine musician, they met with but little favour, being too heavy and deficient in melody to please the general public, who have neither the time nor skill to look deeply into the scientific beauties of the works submitted to their notice.* Mr. G. A. Macfarren's style of composition is formed on the German model, his knowledge and admiration of the works of Beethoven and Mozart being evidenced by his admirable written notices of their productions, which have appeared in the pages of the *Musical World*.

I have dwelt upon these few facts connected with Mr. Macfarren, and hope my readers will not consider them unnecessary, for, since the production of his last opera, he has, by the unanimous voice of the metropolitan press and public, been placed at the head of all living English composers; an honour to which he is well entitled, as all will admit who carefully, judiciously, and attentively study the merits and beauties of his *Charles II.*, which was produced at the Theatre Royal on Monday. The libretto, by Desmond Ryan, is a lyrical adaptation of the well-known drama of *The Merry Monarch*, the subject being one of the numerous freaks which Charles II. was so fond of joining in. The book is quite a novelty in its way, being written with considerable talent and wit, and free from the preposterous nonsense and absurdities which disfigure almost every English libretto. Though the performance on Monday night was bad in many respects, yet the success which the opera met with was of a most decided character, there being no less than four encores; the applause throughout was also frequent and vigorous. A most important change was made in the *caste*, by which the opera was much spoiled. Mrs. Weiss, a soprano, who played the Queen in London, taking the part of the page Julian, (played by Madame Macfarren) the music of the part belonging to a contralto, the unfortunate consort of Charles II. being reduced to a mere walking lady, who never sang at all, though the composer wrote several morceaux for her. All the other characters were sustained by their original representatives at the Princess's Theatre, Miss Pyne being the Fanny, Mr. Harrison Charles II., Mr. H. Corri Rochester, and Mr. Weiss Captain Copp.

Having only witnessed one performance of *King Charles II.*, and that under disadvantageous circumstances, I cannot do justice to the merits of an opera of such pretensions; but I feel convinced that it is far away the best English opera ever listened to. The music, which combines the science of the German with the sweetness of the Italian school, is thoroughly original in its character, and perfectly English in the *couleur locale*. The concerted music is exceedingly elaborate and expressive, while the ballads and duets abound in melody, gaiety, and sentiment. Miss Pyne's performance of Fanny is a great improvement on her Amina; the part requires less passion, while the music is exactly suited to her style and voice. She was encored in a delicious romanza, "A poor simple maiden am I," and "Canst thou believe my heart is changing," both of which were sang by her with infinite sweetness.

* Our correspondent labours under a mistake. The *Devil's Opera* had a immense success, and the popularity of its melodies endures to the present time. The *Don Quixote* had never a fair chance given it.—ED. M. W.

The fair vocalist also sang the finale with considerable brilliancy, though with hardly the effect it deserved. Mrs. Weiss, as the page, was awkwardly situated, the music being much too low for her, and, consequently, ineffective; a circumstance to be regretted, as one of the gems of the opera is sung by her, namely, a ballad, "She shines before me like a star," one of the most graceful, tender, and amorous effusions ever composed. The concerted music was also shorn of much of its beauty from the same cause.

I never saw Mr. W. H. Harrison to better advantage than in this opera; he sang with his usual sweetness, and more than his usual energy, while his acting was unrestrained, dashing, and full of point. All the music which fell to his share was well sung; a spirited anacreontic, "Here's to the maid with the love-laughing eye," being given with so much zest as to be unanimously demanded. Mr. H. Corri sang and played in good comic style; both musically and personally the character could not be better represented. Mr. Weiss' Captain Copp was an admirable performance, both musically and dramatically; far superior to any of his previous efforts. He sang with ease, taste, and feeling, and threw sufficient *bonhomie* into his personation of the old sea-captain to make it life-like and real. In the second act occurs a genuine English sea-song, in the Dibdin style, "Nan of Battersea," which he gave with most pathetic effect, and obtained the most decided encore of the evening. The scenery and dresses were good, with a few trifling exceptions; the scene at Wapping, in which occurs the jovialities of the sailors and a dance round the maypole, was one of the most animated and pleasing representations of old English amusements I have witnessed. Mr. Macfarren's accompanying dance music is sprightliness itself. The chorusses are full of animation; but the finest thing, perhaps, in the whole opera, is a madrigal, "Maidens, would ye 'scape undoing," sung before the Court, at Whitehall, one of the happiest and best specimens of this style of musical writing; it is fully equal to anything of Wilbye's or Festa's. When better sung than it was on this occasion, it cannot fail to please the most fastidious lover of ancient music.

I regret that my notice of this opera is necessarily so brief and imperfect. I conclude, feeling assured that the lovers of music have it now in their power to hear the masterpiece of the English operatic school, which combines in an eminent degree every essential of a perfect and original work.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

DEAR SIR.—It is both interesting and instructive to observe with how much or how little consideration the Gregorianising publications will treat history and tradition, according as the recorded facts of the one, or the orally chronicled facts of the other are favourable to, or are opposed to, the views which it is their desire and determination, if possible, to maintain. It is important for those who wish to be above and beyond partizanship to observe this, that they may be aware how little reliance ought to be placed in opinions and assertions that emanate from such quarters, unless accompanied by satisfactory references. For it must be remembered that the Gregorianisers have not studied their subject with the desire to arrive at an unbiased and enlightened view of the matter, but have first fixed on their positions, and then sat to work to try and prove them. All their writings clearly show this to have been the case. Nothing short of this view, indeed, could account for the chain of extraordinary perversions that have been attempted, and which even a small amount of musical intelligence and knowledge must certainly have been sufficient to have prevented, under more creditable circumstances.

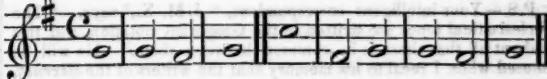
The point that I would this week wish to offer a few observations upon is, the inconsistent course of reasoning taken by the theologian and ecclesiastic when arguing on the supposed antiquity of harmony, as compared with the course pursued when questioning the authorship and method of phrasing of the so-called Tallis's Chant (which is the first Gregorian tone harmonised).

In the former case, with absolutely nothing to justify such a position, the writer maintains that harmony must have been used in

the service of the Temple,—a position taken, doubtless, simply because the Gregorianisers would heartily wish that such could be *made to appear* to have been the case, that they might be released from one of the charges of grotesque inconsistency under which they at present labour. In the latter case, with almost every thing that could be desired to prove the contrary, the ecclesiastic says,—"There is no evidence whatever to show that Tallis wrote the chant that goes by his name in bars, or in any other way than simply breves and semibreves, which meant nothing as to modern musical notation." How is this? Did not tradition ascribe it, in its harmonised and phrased form, to Tallis, down to the time of Boyce? and are not Boyce, and all later competent authorities, unanimous in attributing it in that shape to the same great musician? And are not these circumstances, taken together, entitled to ten thousand times more credit than the random guesses and slippery surmises of the ecclesiastic, unsupported as they are, by the slightest trustworthy proof? I think every candid reader will answer in the affirmative.

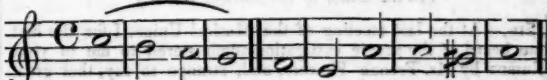
But we seldom find the party hazarding a position without having some ulterior object to serve. And so is it the case in this instance. Tallis would have been an immaculate authority for the harmonisation of the Gregorian Chants, were it not that he would also, unfortunately for the party views, have been equally so for the barring of the Chants, and for the prolongation or the repetition of certain notes to admit of this. So the rather subtle, but still transparent course has been tried of vamping an authority for the use of harmony many centuries earlier than is known to be its correct date, that Tallis's Chants altogether may be declared spurious, and so the bars, &c., be got rid of. How kind of the Gregorianisers,—how improving to the unlearned,—how just to Tallis! But it will not do. The trick is discovered, and those who care to see through it can do so.

There is another subject in the review in the *Ecclesiastic* to which I must now advert. The writer tries to be hard on the Anglican Chants, but makes a sad hash in the attempt. He says,—"Fancy Dr. Purcell in G to the 51st Psalm:—



The first half of the verse appropriate enough, and if the same reciting note followed for the second half, it might be all very well; but you are then carried up to C, which gives altogether a different character. Mr. Monk has not set this Psalm to this Chant, but here is what he has set it to, to enable our readers to judge if it is at all improved.

DR. CROTH.

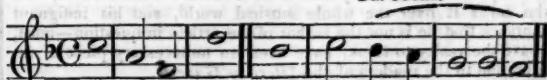


And now mark what follows:—

"It is in this respect, among many others, that this sort of chanting quite destroys the character of a psalm. The words are thrown aside, and the music exalted out of its place."

Now there is an immense joke involved in this assertion. Why, this very chant of Dr. Crotch's, which the *Ecclesiastic* declares destroys the character of a psalm, and exalts the music out of its place, the reader will at once perceive to be "little else than a Gregorian,—the sublime Peregrine!" The builder is demolishing his own handiwork! Again, the writer inquires, further on,—"Can the reader tell what this reminds him of?"

DR. COORE.



To be sure we can. Why, it is our old friend the eternal Peregrine again. And yet it is scoffed at, though by *mistake*, by those who are Gregorianisers to the back-bone! Now, have we not here clear evidence that the Gregorianisers are groping about

in the dark,—a *sought* darkness,—and anon knocking their heads together? What stronger grounds could there be than the above to justify the opinion that is daily becoming more general, that the Gregorianisers do not exactly understand what they really do or do not want? We must except from the category the abuse of Anglican Chants and choirmen, organs and organists, on which subject they nearly all agree.

And into this shocking and culpable state of confusion have the Gregorianisers reduced the question of the Chant-music of the English Church, rather than be honest, so far as to acknowledge the deep obligation they are under to the Anglican species. Now, how much more honourable, just, and in accordance with their professions, and certainly more conciliating would it have been to have rendered honour where honour is due. But they have preferred doing the reverse. As it is, however, the *fact* remains the same *without* their admission, with this only difference, that the Gregorianisers, in consequence of the course they have pursued, now stand accused of having tried to carry certain party views in musical matters by the most questionable, dishonourable, and unjust means.

Whether the Gregorianisers will yet come forward and confess to the amount of quibbling and sophistication they have been practising, is a question with which the advocates of the Anglican Chants have nothing at present to do; but there is too much reason for supposing that many of the Gregorian party would either rather not be enlightened at all on the subject, or, being so, instead of doing justice to the cause and to themselves, by acknowledging their errors, would far rather accuse those who have, with all the warmth and earnestness of sincerity and truth, tried to put them right, of being wanting in due veneration for the clergy.

But the question is now fairly before the most competent tribunal,—the organists and ecclesiastical musicians of the country, and I hope it will not now be lost sight of till it has been thoroughly canvassed and settled one way or the other. Where there is learning we may expect justice.—Believe me to remain, my dear sir, yours very truly,

AN ORGANIST.

July 8th, 1850.

P.S.—Your intelligent correspondent, "J. M. X." says,—"The Ecclesiastical tones are written in the Gregorian notation, and this is about all that there is in common between them." He will be amused when I recall to his memory that the writers of the *eleventh*, and even of the *twelfth* century, are silent respecting such notes; and that it was only in the *fourteenth* century that they were generally adopted. So that the Gregorian question is hoaxical, down to the very type in which the Chants are printed.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—At the last meeting of the Musical Union, I for the first time heard of the severe castigation administered to me in your columns by Mr. French Flowers, and, strange to say, that great Goliah of counterpoint himself had the magnanimity to inform me of it, and to express his anxiety lest it should completely annihilate my humble reputation as a musical scribbler. I could not repress a smile at such a danger, though I did not know what the awful Mus. Bac. had written.

I have no time to go about fighting windmills, as is the occupation of some, and am not at all disposed to enter the lists of a Billingsgate style of criticism; neither am I going to be drawn into disputing with a contrapuntal monomaniac, but had your correspondent chosen to enter with a proper spirit into the subject of fugue *versus* feeling, I should have felt some pleasure in replying to him, and enlarging upon the subject. His exordium, stating that I now fill the place once held by him is an awkward admission for one who lords it over the whole musical world, and his indignant assurance that he is not the author of the article in question—must, I have the vanity to think, have been an unnecessary piece of information to the readers of the *Literary Gazette*.

In the hurry which more or less attends the reporting for a weekly journal, it sometimes happens that one uses expressions and opinions which, on revision, would be altered, modified, or even withdrawn; but on reconsidering those who have so aggravated the

great fugal-man of music, I have no wish to alter them, or the words used to express them, either as the result of my own reflection, or still less from any argument advanced by Mr. Flowers, of which, indeed, his letter is most innocently devoid. I am content to know that many who have the most refined and true feeling for music understand my remarks, and agree with me.

I have to thank Mr. French for his polite suggestion of another sphere for my reviewing powers; he evidently knows more of "the strains of Bedlam" than I do, and it is possible I have mistaken my vocation: however this may be, I only hope and trust I may never be afflicted with the monomania for pounding away at the ivory of a pianoforte in the vain imagination that this is producing divine harmony.—I am, sir, your obliged—

MUSICAL W^E OF THE "LITERARY GAZETTE."

July 9th, 1850.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Perhaps you will allow me to say a few words which probably may not be thought foreign to the subject which has been so prominently brought before your readers, and which was so well defined by Mr. Flowers in your pages about three years ago. I allude to what you justly designate the "Gregorian humbug," but sir, there are other humbugs beside the "Gregorian humbug." Among the rest, "The True Church School Humbug." If we believe a certain party, we are fast returning to an antiquarian age, not only in music, but in architecture, everything new, however good, must be met by that party with a sneer, because it is not old; and everything old is lauded to the skies for the simple reason that it is not new—the force of mere prejudice. I have no sympathy with such bigots. Music, like other productions of art, should be valued according to its intrinsic merits, apart from all other conditions. I am afraid, Mr. Editor, that I shall shock both Gregorianisers and "True Church Schoolers," when I boldly assert, that in my opinion, the "True Church Style" consists not in monotonous and unvarying strains, but in giving a truthful and poetic expression to the word. I would give as examples, Dr. Wesley's service in E, and Dr. Dearle's in C, where the music is made to express the varied and sublime sentiments to which it is allied. In confirmation of what I have advanced, I would refer those superficial antiquaries to Dr. Wesley's admirable preface to the service I have alluded to, who there gives extracts from Tallis and other ancient composers. In the last two specimens there given, it will be seen that the passage which Dr. Wilson uses to a ridiculous allusion to avarice, to the words, "Come to my pack while I cry, what d'ye lack, what d'ye buy." Dr. Rogers, in his creed, applies to the solemn and awful declaration of belief, "And the life of the world to come." It would be superfluous to say anything further on the Gregorian subject, as that has been so well handled, and indeed exhausted, by your very able correspondent, "An Organist."

I am sir, yours, &c., &c. A COUNTRY ORGANIST.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—As you invited your "usual" correspondents only to take part in the discussion relative to the Gregorian Chants, and feeling that it is ungentlemanly to intrude where I am not invited, I have refrained from interfering in the matter. I fully expected that the correspondence on this subject would take the course it has taken; for it is a remarkable fact, that any controversy, related in the most distant manner to the present practice of Christianity, whether in its original state, or in all its fractional distinctions, is sure, in its progress, to become more and more virulent, in the midst of which the simple question is entirely lost sight of. It is for the purpose of calling your correspondents back to the point from which they started, that I trouble you with this. The real question I believe is "What is the true value of the Gregorian Chants in the service of the Church?"

Now, sir, I shall perhaps startle your correspondents, but do not mean to offend them, when I assert that it is neither the mere musician nor the mere priest that is competent to answer that question; and most certainly, the mere player of an organ can have, if possible, still less pretension to be jocose or dictatorial on such a matter.

It is a question for the philosopher and accomplished critic to decide, from whom both the priest and the musician must take the law. There is one thing certain, that the antiquity of the Gregorian Chants surrounds them with an association of ideas most valuable in a religious point of view; and it must be recollected also that they emanated from minds devoted to worship, and constantly directed to producing reverential enthusiasm in their hearers. It may be well, also, to remark that all that is required for the pure exercise of religious devotion is a few notes to serve as wings to the words; and I therefore think that a true genius would take the peculiarity of the Gregorian Chants as the basis of his compositions for the Church.

As to squabbling about copying, it is as futile as reading religious periodicals to strengthen your feelings of charity towards your fellow creatures. In a recent number, one of your correspondents complains that the Gregorian Chants have been harmonised. I think Pope Gregory would agree with him. Let them be sung as they were written; but it is no fault of the chants that it is not so. In support of this opinion I ask, was not Haydn affected to tears on hearing the plain psalm-singing of the children in St. Paul's? Then again, your correspondent alludes to Mozart's addition to the score of Handel. Is your correspondent quite sure that Handel would have approved of those additions? I have always suspected that he would not. They please the ear, I admit, but the music of so mighty a genius as Handel has a much higher aim than that. It was directed to the mind.

If your correspondents will do me the favour to reflect upon the ideas I have here thrown out, I think that they will feel that the Gregorian question is far from settled.—Yours,

P. Q.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

Sir,—Having read, with great interest, the series of Letters in the *Musical World* concerning Gregorian music in the church of England, I beg permission to offer a few brief remarks on the subject myself.

When in London, about two months since, I paid a visit to a place of worship that shall be nameless, and, after the service, stayed to take the sacrament, which I found was to be administered. It was a week day, and the busy hum of daily life was to be heard without. The communion service was celebrated *chorally*, as it was termed, i. e., some Gregorian music was sung (in unison), of a kind that I never heard before, and hope never to hear again. I do not think I ever felt so much shocked as I did on that occasion. The "priest's" voice within, uttering strains not very unlike those heard every now and then without, conjured up associations too distressing to dwell upon. Nor was I the only one present who seemed to observe this, for several others raised their eyes from their books with an expression of evident distraction. And this most shocking scene—in effect, just as though the edifice was surrounded by scoffers and blasphemers—was *courted* by the performance of some music which, as I afterwards learned on enquiry, some clergyman had brought *from abroad*, translated and worked into the service.

My main object, however, in addressing you is this. I am no scientific musician, but simply have, and always had, a veneration for the choral service; and I have always exercised my influence, which I believe is not inconsiderable, in the cause of its extension. But, sir, if what I heard in London is to be taken as a sample of what is to be palmed off as a choral service, I, for one, would immediately on my return home use my most strenuous endeavours to undo what I believe I had some hand in doing, at some years' cost. I have always been accused of being of a "Romanizing" tendency, which I have hitherto paid no heed to; but, after what I have heard and seen this summer, I shall certainly be more cautious for the future.

If I should have time, as I pass through London on my way home, I shall call at your office and obtain a set of the numbers to take down with me. They will be invaluable to me.

As a churchman, I beg to offer you my sincerest thanks for your letters in defence of the legitimate English choral music, and to subscribe myself your most obliged servant,

A LAYMAN.

ITALIAN OPERA AT PLYMOUTH.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

Sir,—There are few things more painful, as you well know, than to criticise performances where the *artistes* concerned are not *up to their work*. In a letter signed "O. Leonardi" in your last number, that gentleman says that I had "doubtless some purpose to serve in suppressing the truth," because I made no remark on his having been encored in a duett (as well as my memory serves me) with Madame Normani, and in the trio in the first act of *Lucrezia*, with Signor Montelli and Signora Normani. Is it the natural consequence that because Signor Leonardi's injudicious friends encored him that he was successful? I maintain that this gentleman is far from being qualified to hold the rank of *primo tenore* in a troupe of any pretension; and, as regards this, my opinion is backed by the best judges of music in Plymouth. Since the appearance of Signor Leonardi's letter, I have made it my business to make the most minute inquiries as to the failure or success of this Italian troupe during their engagement with Mr. Newcombe, and I find that the first night they performed *Lucia di Lammermoor* the receipts were between thirty and forty pounds; after this they varied, and such was the opinion of the Plymouth public of these *artistes*, that on one occasion they played to £18 10s., and on another to £8 18s. This will, I think, give you some idea as to whether I have been correct in my opinion of the performances I have noticed. I assure you that the *Lucia* is still vividly before my eyes, and when I read in the able notice in the *Plymouth Journal* that the *prima donna* was "suffering from fatigue," and the *primo tenore* was "nervous," I thought that the talented editor had put a very mild construction on their performances. I remember that last season Mr. Newcombe had a comic actor in the company, who sung between the pieces, and invariably had to repeat his song *twice*. By a parity of reasoning of Signor Leonardi, this gentleman should be at the present time acting at the Lyceum or Haymarket; but, alas! I fear I may look in vain for the merry face of poor Tannett in either of those establishments.—Yours obediently,

CHARLES DE M.

STREET MUSIC NUISANCE.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

Sir,—Many of your more studious readers, Mr. Editor, may be glad to know how the law really stands in this matter, and what the means are, placed by act of parliament, in the hands of the public, to relieve themselves from such disagreeables. I happened to be in the Bow Street Police-office a few days ago, when a street musician was brought in charge before the magistrate for refusing to go away when told. The defendant was the Scotch boy dressed in the highland costume; the complainant an artist. The boy's defence was that he had been ordered by a gentleman to play. The worthy magistrate told him that if fifty persons told him and paid him to play, and one inhabitant of the street ordered him to go away, he was bound to go, or to be given in charge to a police constable, and fined forty shillings by the magistrate, for which, if he did not pay it, he must go to prison.

This is really the law, which few persons are aware of, and of which the police constables know very little, for no two of them have the same notions on the subject. If any person find himself hindered from proceeding with his occupation, whatever it may be, all he has to do is to order any musician to depart by himself or his servant, and if the musician does not instantly go, he can be immediately taken before a magistrate and fined. The person aggrieved must pay no attention to what the policeman may say, but insist on the charge being taken. I do not mean to insinuate that the police are unwilling to do their duty, but they are very fearful of exceeding it, and unless they are quite sure that they are right, they will hesitate and, very naturally, get rid of the job if they can. It therefore requires some firmness occasionally on the part of the complainant. Where persons are annoyed by that legislative absurdity, the extreme of the organ-grinding system, they have nothing to do but to give one or two of the grinders in charge, and they will be astonished how "very shy those "professors" will become. The whole affair may be settled in half an hour.

Persons who, from a mistaken idea of charity give a penny to an

organ-grinder, whether man or boy, are not aware that they are sending that penny by the man or boy to a person who, in all probability, is much richer than themselves. A. B.

P.S.—The complainant did not press the charge; the boy was therefore discharged, with a severe admonition not to be brought there again.

REVIEW.

"*The Chanter's Hand Guide*."—JOSEPH WARREN.—R. COCKS & CO.

This is one of the most complete of those useful compilations which [the publishers have been issuing with unabated spirit for a series of years. Mr. Warren has dedicated the result of his present labours to Mr. Robert Cox, "as a mark of respect for his unflinching energy of purpose and enterprise in the publication of works of a highly classical character, especially those of English church music." The inscription could not possibly have been more appropriate.

The volume before us is adapted "for the use of churches, chapels, training colleges, schools, &c.," and contains the psalter and canticles printed for chanting, with 373 cathedral chants. An examination of these chants, many of which are new, and expressly written for the "Chanter's Hand Guide," may help those who are interested in a certain controversy to a comparison between the Gregorian and Anglican chants. At the present moment we are not disposed to offer an opinion, but refer all who would come to a conclusion on the subject to Mr. Warren's book, which provides ample materials. Let us premise, however, that the four Gregorian chants introduced by Mr. Warren are harmonised.

Mr. Warren has prefaced his Guide with some very sensible remarks on chanting, to which we gladly call attention. His hints are sagacious, and his observations set forth in strong and simple language. Such a work as the "Chanter's Hand Guide," however, being essentially one of reference and utility, nothing further is demanded at our hands than the general commendation so justly its due, and which is equally merited by the author and compiler, for the clear and comprehensive manner in which he has performed his task; and by the publishers, for the elegant, convenient, and spirited style in which they have brought out the volume. It should be in the hands of every organist.

"*Warren's Psalmody*." Parts 1, 2, and 3. R. COCKS & CO.

In the present work, which is published at intervals, at the unusually cheap price of twopence per number, Mr. Warren declares his intention to reprint many ancient tunes that have been unjustly neglected. We admire his resolution, since our psalmody is by no means sufficiently rich to bear the loss of any of these "fine old melodies." We also commend his intention of "clearing them from meretricious ornament"—by which, we presume, is meant certain harmonies that have been introduced by unskilful or too adventuresome hands. Mr. Warren, in his *Chanter's Hand Guide*, has adopted for motto—"The more simple the form, the easier it is understood by mankind," and it appears to be his wish to carry out the principle it involves both in letter and spirit. We sympathise with the faith he professes, and wish him success in his endeavours to inculcate it to the world.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIGNOR BAILINI writes to us from Birmingham, complaining of one of our provincial correspondents having styled him a "secondo basso." Signor Bailini assures us that he is a "primo basso;" consequently, either our correspondent or Signor Bailini must labour under a mistake.

M. CHARTON has returned to London, after a *tournée* of nearly two months in the provinces.

LEEDS.—The first concert given by the members of the Madrigal and Motet Society took place on Wednesday evening, the 3rd inst. We sympathise in every movement that tends to foster a correct musical taste amongst us, and have not the least desire severely to criticise this first public exhibition of the results of a very recent, but very valuable, society. We shall content ourselves for the present with a few general remarks. The madrigal is one of the most ancient forms of musical expression. The word is, according to some, said to be derived from the Provencal Madrielle, material; according to others, from Mandro, the shepherd. The first madrigal was written by Lemmo, of Pistoya, and set to music by Casella. We find it mentioned by Dante. The madrigal reached its highest perfection in the sixteenth and seventeenth century. At a later period it was followed by the motet, which may be styled the sacred madrigal. Under the spirited leadership of the director, Mr. Spark, the above society has made a more rapid progress than we are accustomed to in our somewhat slow moving town. We rejoice in this, for, until music becomes really a social art, it fails to accomplish one of its best and highest ends. Now, we know of no method by which this can be more effectually done than by encouraging an elegant and refined style of part-singing; for, as has been justly observed, any one who has a voice at all, and can contrive to sing about ten notes correctly in tune and in time, is capable of joining in it. Of the selections for this concert we can speak with unreserved praise. We were particularly pleased with Stevens' glee, "Crabbed age and youth," and still more so by seeing one of Mendelssohn's exquisite part-songs, entitled "Bump not the flask," introduced. This latter was decidedly the favourite, and the gem of the evening. In the productions of this and the other great German composers there is an inexhaustible fund for giving variety to this class of music. With so many valuable elements of success—with so much of good promise as this first concert afforded—we doubt not that this society will soon take a most prominent position amongst our local musical efforts and institutions. The room, on this occasion, was filled by a select audience, including his Worship the Mayor and many of our first families.

JULLIEN SEEN IN A MOMENT OF INSPIRATION.—The two Zoological Gardens are, at present, full of attraction. There is the Hippopotamus at the one, and Jullien at the other. Our French *Orpheus*, who plays to an audience of wild beasts every night, and has taught many of them to dance the polka, so enlivening are his strains, has lately come out with a new "inspiration." It promises, we think, to divide the public ear with his famous *Row Polka*, for it is in every measure as noisy. It is called the "Derby Polka," but why Derby we cannot make out. It is true that Jullien imitates the action of a jockey, and uses his *bâton* as a whip; and that many of the instruments run a dreadful race together, to see which shall come in first; and that a bell rings to announce that the fiddles have started; and that Jullien drops down on his chair, as an intimation that the *cornet-à-piston* has won; still, so many things are wanting to complete the picture of the Derby, that the Polka was deficient in that striking veri-similitude for which all Jullien's Polkas are loudly distinguished. In other respects, Jullien acts up to his usual "inspiration." His movements, his airs, show the same great master, and his "Poses Plastiques" exhibit most imposingly the same great *artiste*. His attraction is as great as ever, and he proudly continues *l'enfant gâté* of the "Maids of Merry England," who resort in thousands to the Surrey Gardens, to admire its beautiful ducks. He draws fully as much as the Hippopotamus, without resorting to the same artifices for catching applause. Besides, the Hippopotamus has no moments of "inspiration"; excepting when he is in the water, and then he is invisible, he is as heavy as a city councilman after dinner. He lies on the ground like an immense lump of pig-lead. No! there is no comparison between Jullien and his great rival, and we prophesy that Jullien will be flourishing his *bâton* as mercurial as an English barometer, rising and falling every minute of the day, when his monstrous rival will not occupy, with all his unwieldy frame, half a line in an eighteenpenny advertisement. The Hippopotamus may just at present have got the start, but, in the long run, Jullien will be sure to leave his bulky competitor far behind him, and we are prepared to take any odds that he wins the race, even in spite of the slowness of his Derby Polka. Who'll take a 1000 to 1 on Jullien against the Hippopotamus?—*Punch*.

HERR CHARLES OBERTHUR'S CONCERT MATINEE.—This event took place on the 5th instant at the New Beethoven Rooms, which were completely filled. The programme was well selected. Herr Adelsberg, from Liverpool, proved himself a violinist of merit; a good tone, correct intonation, and neat execution, distinguish his playing. In Lipinsky's fantasia and variations on "Non più mesta," he obtained general applause. Mdlle. Sophia Dulcken (pianiste), in Schulhoff's popular *Bohemian Airs*, and Mdlle. Isabella Dulcken (concertinist), in Regondi's *Austrian Air*, obtained the marks of approval justly due to their talent. The former played also with Herr Oberthür a clever duet for harp and piano on "Das Alpenhorn," composed by Oberthür and Rummel. It was very effective for both instruments. Madame Nottes and Herr Stigelli sang the beautiful duet, "Fairest Maiden," from Spohr's *Jessonda*, with the same success as at Herr Stigelli's concert. Herr Mengis displayed his sonorous barytone-tenor in an air by Donizetti, and in two songs by Oberthür, while Herr Stigelli again favoured us with his "Schönsten Augen" and a characteristic song, "My love is like a damask rose," the composition of Herr Oberthür, which was encored. "When the May-breezes whisper," a German song, introduced by Madame Nottes, seems to become a general favourite; she sang it with unaffected simplicity. Herr Oberthür's harp-playing is of a high order, and his compositions for that instrument are among the most effective we have heard. In his *Souvenir de Londres* and *Souvenir de Boulogne*, he gave abundant proof of his command of the string-board. In his *Elegie*, entitled, "Una lagrime sulla Tomba di Parish Alvars," Herr Oberthür showed himself equally successful in the plaintive style. He also played No. 8 of his *Songs without words*, and finally the *Barcarole*, "Addio mia vita," which ought to be a general favourite with harp players. Some of our best professors of the harp honoured Her Oberthür's concert with their presence, and applauded his efforts both as a composer and performer. We understand Herr Oberthür has left for Wiesbaden, to superintend the performance of an opera of his composition, which, last season, was given with considerable *éclat* at the Frankfurt Opera.—*From a Correspondent.*

MISS EMILY NEWCOMBE.—At the concert, by the Opera Company, in the Subscription Rooms, on Tuesday evening last, which gave the highest satisfaction to a limited audience, we had the opportunity of hearing the performances, on the pianoforte, of Miss Emily Newcombe, pupil of Thalberg, who was introduced for the first time, in public, and who surprised and delighted all present by the extent of her science, the brilliancy of her execution, and the correctness of her taste. She has a perfect command of the instrument, and plays with ease and grace the most difficult pieces; she was enthusiastically encored each time she performed. This talented young lady does great credit to her eminent master, and we think she bids fair to supply the loss, to the musical world, sustained by the lamented death of the inimitable Madame Dulcken. She is a daughter of the enterprising manager of the Plymouth Theatre, who is well known in Exeter. We should also notice that Mr. H. Reed, of Plymouth, who played with Miss Newcombe in some pieces, was excellent on the violin. Our citizens, Messrs. Smith, are entitled to much praise, for inducing this highly talented musical party to perform.—*Western Luminary.*

M. EMERIK SZÉKELY'S PRIVATE MATINÉE MUSICALE.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—This gentleman, a pianist and composer, from Hungary, gave a matinée, at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, on Monday last, which was honoured by a select and most fashionable audience. The chief attraction of the programme was concentrated in the performances of M. Székely, whose talent had full opportunity for display, and was proved to be of a high order. M. Székely combines the executive facility of the modern school with the poetic sentiment of that of Cramer and Hummel, and its disciples. His tone is full and sonorous, while his mechanism is, as nearly as possible, perfect; his touch having the lightness and delicacy which constitutes so great a charm in the playing of Thalberg, whom he does not, however, in any other way resemble. We must also commend M. Székely for the entire absence of affectation in his manner of playing. Nothing, indeed, can be more simple and unpretending. But M. Székely is not merely a pianist, he is a composer of great merit, and his music is calculated to win the attention of educated musicians, while it irresistibly appeals to

the general sympathies. The pieces he performed were a MS. fantasia on Hungarian melodies, a morceau, including a valse brilliant, and a galop—most favourable specimens; a *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn, a studio of his own, part of Thalberg's fantasia from *Mose in Egitto*, and a MS. trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, in conjunction with Messrs. Blagrove and Lucas. This last composition proves M. Székely to have great power in inventing subjects, and ingenuity in developing them. It was beautifully played by the three artists. Altogether the talent of M. Székely is so strictly legitimate amidst all the mechanical *tours de force* with which it abounds, that it ensures the respect of those who look beyond mere pliancy and suppleness of finger for the highest excellencies of pianoforte playing. M. Székely was assisted by Miss Lucombe, who was encored in a charming romance, by him, "My love, thou'ret a beautiful flower;" Miss Hancock and Mr. Winn, who sang Schubert's "Wanderer" with effect. Mr. Hopkinson conducted; and the matinée gave universal satisfaction.

CROMORNE.—SCOTTISH FESTE.—A repetition of the sports and pastimes exhibited at the Scotch fête at Holland House, took place in these grounds by the same performers who had the honour of appearing before Her Majesty. The arrangements were under the directions of M. Leon Gillemard, supported by a host of men of the sword from the regiments of the First and Second Life Guards, the Grenadiers, and the Scotch Fusiliers. M. Prevost, the celebrated Parisian professor, was also present. The performances with the foil and broadsword were in excellent style, and the whole of the feats of swordsmanship and agility, dancing, &c., were in the best manner. The company around the platform on which the professor exhibited was more than usually numerous, and amongst them were many of the patrons of old English sports and national amusements. In the evening the gardens were crowded with company, the fineness of the weather co-operating with the diversity of entertainments to attract the multitude. The usual concomitants of dancing, feasting, the spectacle of fireworks, and the music of a large band of instrumental performers kept up the hilarity of the day till the usual hour of closing. The arrangements are good, and those who are fond of manly sports have an excellent opportunity of witnessing them.

LEICESTER.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—A "popular" performance of the *Messiah*, so reads the hand-bill, was given on Monday evening at the New Hall, under the superintendence of the committee of the Mechanics' Institute. Judging from the performance, these gentlemen have a very indifferent opinion of the popular taste for good music, or they would never have ventured to *burlesque* Handel's sublime work in this fashion. At this so-called "popular performance" we were to have had a "complete orchestra and chorus of upwards of fifty performers." The number was quite correct; but, alas for the completeness of the orchestra! some half-dozen violins, a couple of indifferent basses, and a wretched harmonium, very much out of tune, and with a tone like a bad accordion, completed the orchestra. No wind instrument of any description, not even the brace of flutes and flourishing cornet usually met with, assisted this very popular performance. The choruses were unsteady and out of tune. The solo singing, with two exceptions, as bad as can be imagined. These honourable exceptions were the portions allotted to Mrs. Parker and Mr. Royce, which were very creditably sung. Many omissions were made, which rather tended to impair the completeness of the work—such as "The trumpet shall sound," &c., some of the best known pieces in the oratorio. Let us hope that if the committee of the Mechanics' Institute will again try the experiment of concert giving in Leicester, they will either select a work of less importance, or get it up with better materials—not to induce the music-loving public of Leicester to go to a concert with the expectation of hearing a good performance of a fine work, and then insult them by giving a mere *burlesque*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROBERT.—*We are compelled to decline, with thanks, the poetical contribution of our correspondent.*

VIPONA.—*We are as anxious as our correspondent to be informed on the subject of the Mendelssohn Scholarship at Leipzig, and shall take an early opportunity of calling public attention to the matter.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

It is respectfully announced that a GRAND EXTRA NIGHT will take place on THURSDAY NEXT, JULY 18TH, 1850,

When will be Presented for the First Time these two Years, DONIZETTI's Opera,

LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO.

Marie	•	•	•	•	•	Made. SONTAG.
(Her first appearance in that Character).						
Sulpizio	Sergente	•	•	•	•	Sig. F. LABLACHE.
Caporale	•	•	•	•	•	Sig. FERRARI.
AND						
Tonio	•	•	•	•	•	Sig. GARDONI.

After which, a

DIVERTISSEMENT,

in which
Mdlle. CARLOTTA GRISI
AND
Mdlle. AMALIA FERRARIS
will appear.

To be followed by (First Time these Five Years) GNECCO's celebrated Opera Buffa, entitled

LA PROVA D'UN OPERA SERIA.

Corilla	•	•	Madame FREZZOLINI,		
Federico	•	•	Sig. CALZOLARI,		
AND					
Campanone	•	•	Sig. LABLACHE.		

In the course of the Evening,

DONA MARIA LORETO MARTINEZ,

Surnamed the BLACK MALIBRAN,
will appear, and will sing some of the characteristic Airs of Spain and the Havannah.

With various Entertainments in the

BALLET DEPARTMENT,

Combining the talents of
Mdlle. CARLOTTA GRISI,
Mdlle. PETIT STEPHAN,
AND
Mdlle. AMALIA FERRARIS,
&c., &c., &c.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre.

ROYAL SOHO THEATRE,

73, DEAN STREET.

MADAME DE LOZANO'S CONCERT at the above Theatre, on Wednesday evening, 17th instant, to commence at 8 o'clock. She will introduce during the Concert some new Spanish Songs—one of them, "La Perla de Friana," by particular desire, accompanied by herself on the Guitar. Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets to be had at Mdlle. De Lozano's, 11, Burton Street, Eaton Square, and at the Music-sellers. For further particulars see programme. Doors open at half-past Seven.

MR. CRIVELLI

Begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public that a THIRD EDITION of

THE ART OF SINGING,

enlarged and newly arranged in the form of a Grammatical System of Rules for the Cultivation of the Voice, may be had at his Residence, 71, UPPER NORTON STREET, and at all the principal Musicsellers.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT GARDEN.



MONDAY, JULY 15TH, A SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT.

THE DIRECTORS have the honour to announce that on TUESDAY NEXT, July 16th, the Opera will be CLOSED, and that TO-MORROW, MONDAY, July 15th, will be given as the SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT, in lieu of that Evening. All Ivories and Tickets issued for Tuesday will therefore be available for Monday.

TO-MORROW, MONDAY, July 15th, will be performed ROSSINI's Opera,

OTELLO.

Desdemona	•	•	•	•	Madame GRISI,
Emilia	•	•	•	•	Mademoiselle COTTI,
Otello	•	•	•	•	Sig. TAMBERLIK,
Rodrigo	•	•	•	•	Sig. MARALTI,
Iago	•	•	•	•	Sig. RONCONI,
Elmiro	•	•	•	•	Mons. ZELGER,
Doge	•	•	•	•	Sig. POLONINI.

After which will be performed the Second Act of WEBER's Grand Opera,

DER FREISCHUTZ,

Including some of the Principal Music of the Opera, and the Grand Incantation Scene. Characters by
Madame CASTELLAN, Mademoiselle VERA,
Signor MARALTI, Herr DOERING, and Herr FORMES.

EXTRA NIGHT.

On THURSDAY NEXT, July 18th, MEYERHEIN's Grand Opera,

LE PROPHETE,

will be performed, the principal characters by
Madame VIARDOT and Madame CASTELLAN,
Signor TAGLIACICO and Signor LAVIA,
Signor ROMMI and Signor SOLDI,
Signor MARALTI and Signor POLONINI,
Herr FORMES and Signor MARIO.

The Incidental BALLET in the Skating Scene will be supported by
Mons. ALEXANDRE and Mdlle. LOUISE TAGLIONI.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor—Mr. COSTA.

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